

DOCTOR-WHO BLOOD AND TEARS

THE VILLAGE OF
THE GALATHOS...

...AND SO MY
DAUGHTER DIED IN
MY ARMS, STRUCKEN
BY THE GODS'
SICKWIND...

...AND NOW
ALL OUR PEOPLE
WAIT TO JOIN
HER AT ITS HANDS.

Script: SI SPENCER

Art: JOHN ROSS

Colours: ADRIAN SALMON

Script Editor: GARETH ROBERTS

I'M FILLING UP HERE.
YOUR STORIES ARE
SO SAD EVEN THE
PALANTH IS CRYING!

AND THESE
TATTOOS? ARE
THEY PROTECTION
AGAINST THE
SICKWIND?

THEY ARE THE
WARNING OF
THE GODS'
CURSE. THEY
TELL US THE
SICKWIND IS
COMING.

WHEN THE MARKS COME WE
HAVE SEVEN DAYS TO FIND AND
SLAY THE DRAGONS TO REVEAL IN
ITS TEARS AND DANCE IN
ITS HEALING BLOOD.

BUT MY PEOPLE
ARE WEAK AND
THE DRAGON IS
STRONG...

...WILL YOU
SLAY THE
DRAGONS FOR
US, DOCTOR?

WE'LL DO
WHAT WE
CAN...

I PROMISE I'LL
INVESTIGATE IN THE
MORNING. I CAN'T
DO ANY MORE.

THE NEXT DAY...

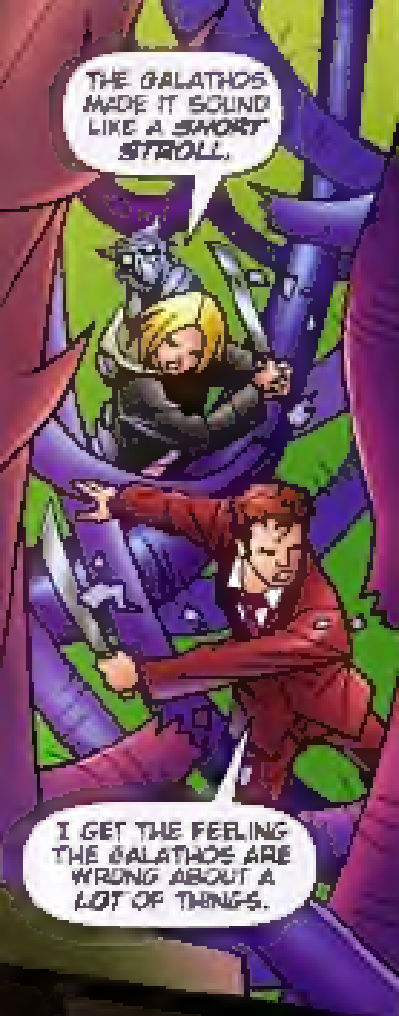
I'LL DO
MY BEST
FOR YOU.

YOU HAVE THE
GRATITUDE OF MY
PEOPLE, DOCTOR.

THE PALANTH SEEMS
TO LIKE YOU, MISTRESS
ROSE. TAKE HER WITH YOU
FOR GOOD FORTUNE.

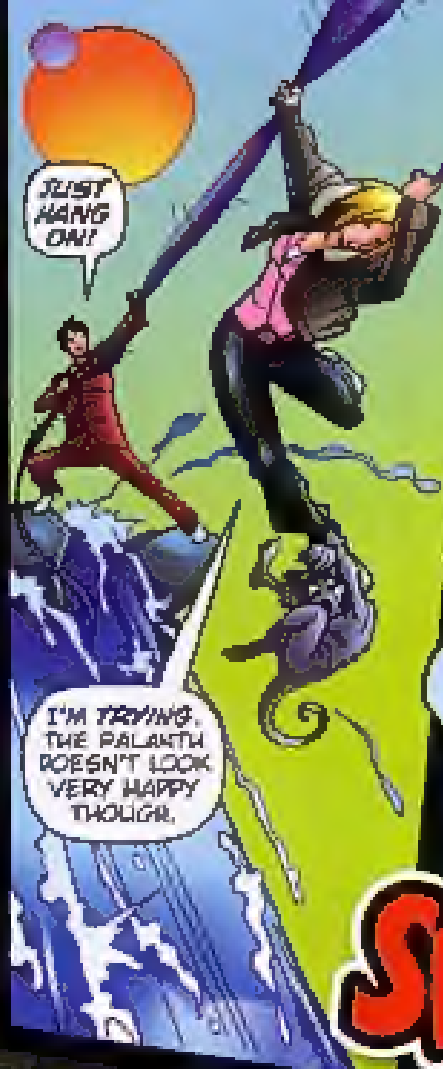
OH, HE'S
CUTE.

YOU CAN'T BEAT
A DOG, THOUGH.
A NICE BIG LICKY
ROBOT DOG.



THE GALATHOS MADE IT SOUND LIKE A **SHORT STROLL**.

I GET THE FEELING THE GALATHOS ARE WRONG ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS.



JUST HANG ON!

I'M TRYING. THE PALANTH DOESN'T LOOK VERY HAPPY THOUGH.



THIS IS FUN! THIS EXPEDITION'S TURNING OUT ALRIGHT AFTER ALL.

FOR YOU MAYBE. YOU HAVEN'T GOT A PALANTH THROWING UP ALL OVER YOUR BACK.

I DON'T THINK HE'S A **HAPPY BUNNY**.

SWOOSH!



YOU KNOW, THINKING ABOUT IT, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN **QUICKER** TO GET HERE BY **TARDIS**.

DOCTOR!

WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THE **EXERCISE**.

NOT A **MILITARY EXERCISE!**



WHY DO WE HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING THE **HARD WAY**?

'CAUSE EASY IS **BORING**.

REMEMBER THAT TIME ON PRAXOS 9? YOU WANTED TO TAKE THE **ESCALATOR**, BUT I SAID "NO - IT'S TOO EASY" AND I WAS RIGHT - IF WE HADN'T WE'D NEVER HAD TO FIGHT OFF THOSE **LUMINOUS SUCKER-CRABS**.



HE'S GOT THE MARK OF THE **SICKWIND**, DOCTOR!

DOCTOR?

DOCTOR! I THINK THE PALANTH'S **SICK!**



DOCTOR?
WHERE
ARE YOU?

VERY
INTERESTING.

I THINK HE'S DYING.
DOCTOR! CAN'T WE HURRY
UP AND FIND THIS DRAGON
THING TO SAVE HIM?



DOCTOR?

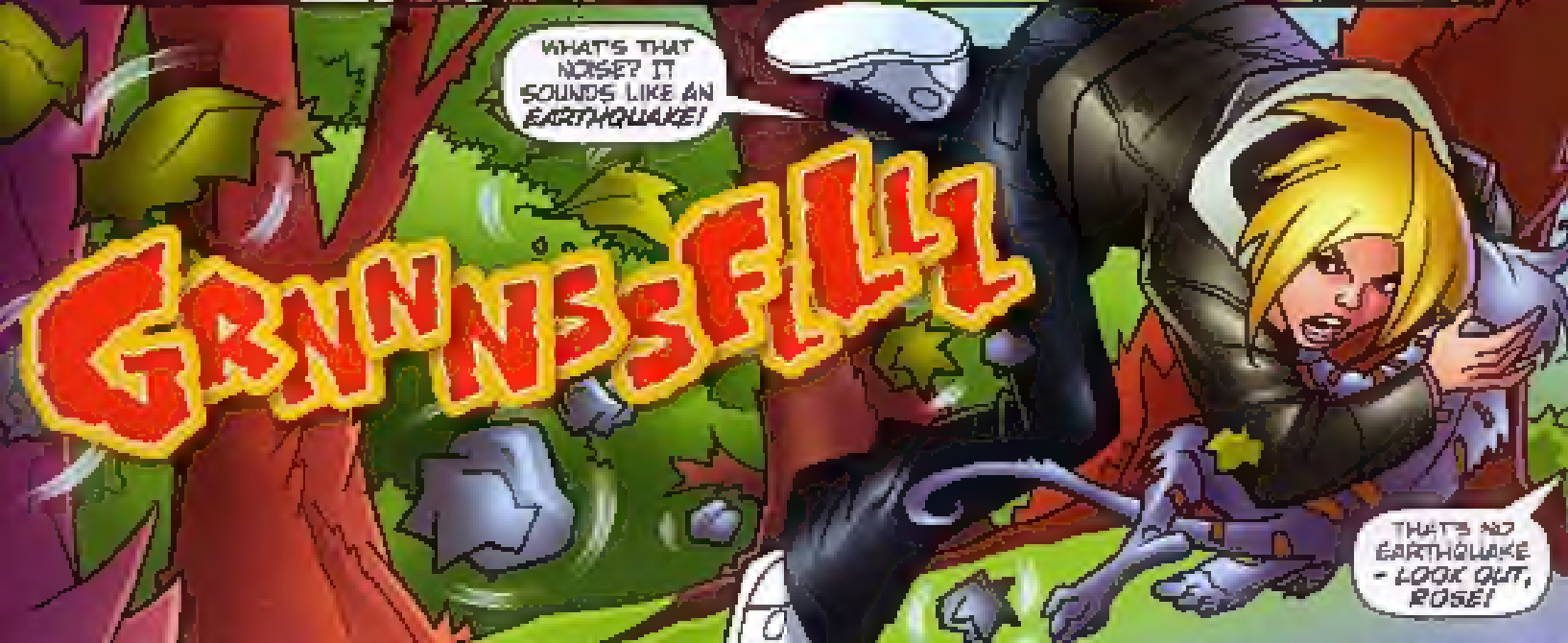
IT MAY
NOT BE
THAT
SIMPLE



FOR A START,
THE DRAGONS
AREN'T HOME.

I'M BETTING SHE
ISN'T TOO FAR
AWAY THOUGH...

SHE? HOW
DO YOU KNOW
IT'S A...



WHAT'S THAT
NOISE? IT
SOUNDS LIKE AN
EARTHQUAKE!

GRUNNBSFLL!

THAT'S NO
EARTHQUAKE -
LOOK OUT,
ROSE!



BEHIND
YOU, ROSE!
LOOK OUT!



DON'T LET
GO, DOCTOR!

WAIT
- IT'S
TRYING TO
SPEAK
TO US!



-WRONG!
NO KILL DRAMAS!!
ALL WRONG!
PLEASE?-

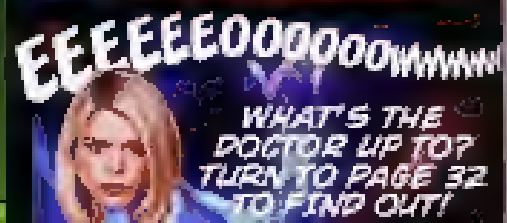
WHAT
THE...!

ROSE? I'M
GOING TO
LET GO.



BUT...

TRUST
ME!



EEEEEEEOOOOOOWWWWWW

WHAT'S THE
DOCTOR UP TO?
TURN TO PAGE 32
TO FIND OUT!

DOCTOR WHO

BLOOD AND TEARS

continued from page 12!

EVERY TIME THIS SO-CALLED SICKWIND COMES, ONE OF THESE POOR CREATURES ENDS UP DEAD.

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF HER EGGS WAITING TO HATCH BACK THERE - WE CAN'T JUST KILL HER FOR THE GALATHOS!

-GALATHOS KILL DRAMOS, OUR BABIES DIE ALONE. WAA KILL!?

BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? THE GALATHOS SAY THEY'LL DIE WITHOUT THE BLOOD OF THE DRAMOS!

NO ONE'S GOING TO DIE. I WON'T ALLOW IT.

-MY BABIES. WHO WILL RAISE MY BABIES?!

SSSSSH. NO-ONE'S GOING TO HURT YOU. THE DOCTOR'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.

HE LOOKS A LOT BETTER TOO...

AND THE MARK OF THE SICKWIND. IT'S FADING!

LOOK DOCTOR. EVEN THE PALANTH HATES TO SEE HER CRYING.

HAVE I EVER MENTIONED WHAT A GENIUS I AM?



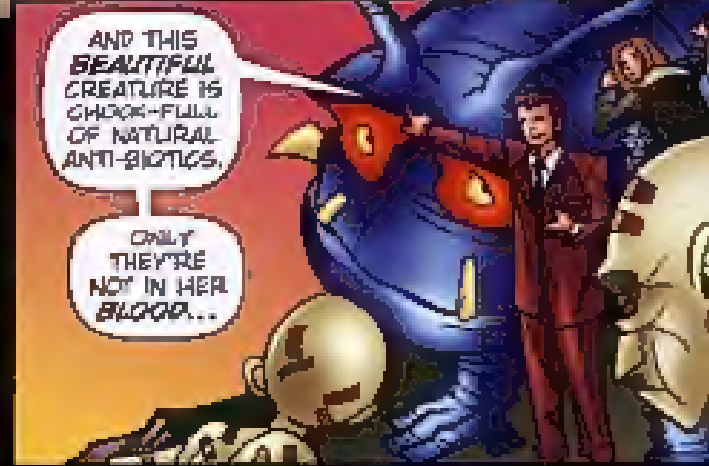
EVENING ALL.
ANYONE ORDER
A DRAGON?

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE OUR
FRIEND, DOCTOR!
IS THIS HOW
YOU REPAY OUR
HOSPITALITY?



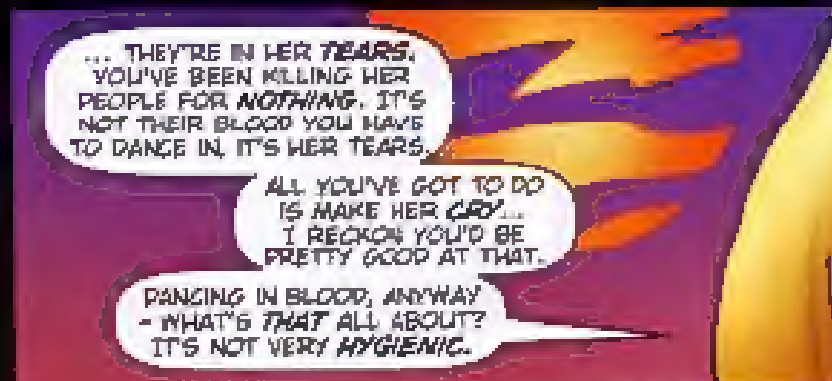
HOLD YOUR
HORSES. THIS
MARK, THIS THING
YOU CALLED THE
SICKWIND - IT'S
NOTHING TO DO
WITH YOU GETTING
ON THE WRONG
SIDE OF THE
GOODS.

AIRBORNE VIRUS.
LIKE THE FLU,
ONLY WORSE.



AND THIS
BEAUTIFUL
CREATURE IS
CHOCK-FULL
OF NATURAL
ANTI-BIOTICS.

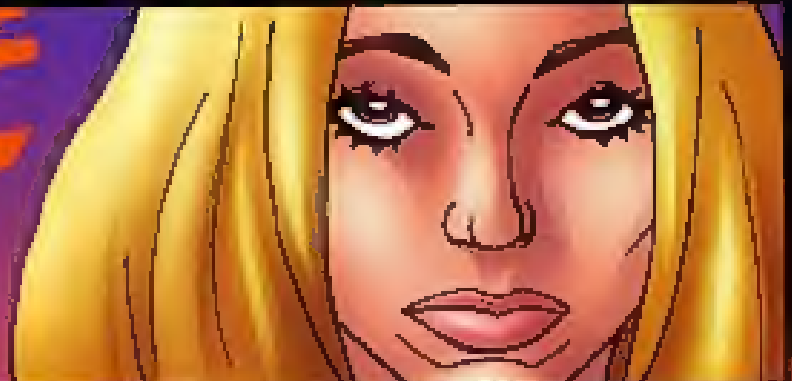
ONLY
THEY'RE
NOT IN HER
BLOOD...



... THEY'RE IN HER TEARS.
YOU'VE BEEN KILLING HER
PEOPLE FOR NOTHING. IT'S
NOT THEIR BLOOD YOU HAVE
TO DANCE IN, IT'S HER TEARS.

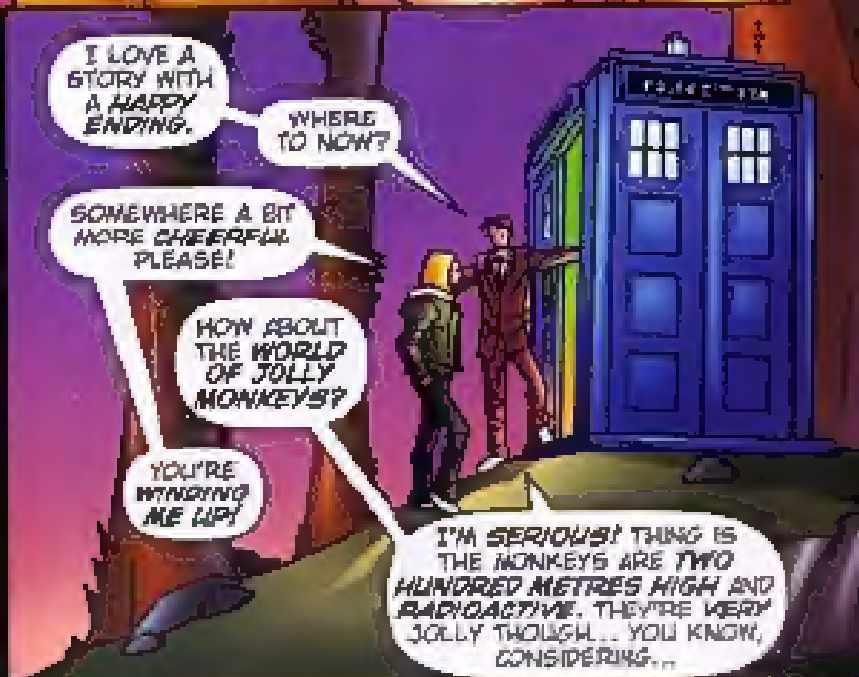
ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO
IS MAKE HER CRY...
I RECKON YOU'D BE
PRETTY GOOD AT THAT.

DANCING IN BLOOD, ANYWAY
- WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?
IT'S NOT VERY HYGIENIC.



...AND SO THE SICKWIND
CAME TO A VILLAGE. THE
GOODS TOOK ALL BUT ONE,
A TINY CHILD WITH WITHERED
LIMBS, ORPHANED BY HER
PARENTS AND HER TRIBE.

POORBALATHOS...
POORTINYCHILD. E



I LOVE A
STORY WITH
A HAPPY
ENDING.

WHERE
TO NOW?

SOMEWHERE A BIT
MORE CHEERFUL
PLEASE!

HOW ABOUT
THE WORLD
OF JOLLY
MONKEYS?

YOU'RE
WINDING
ME UP!

I'M SERIOUS! THING IS
THE MONKEYS ARE TWO
HUNDRED METRES HIGH AND
RADIOACTIVE. THEY'RE VERY
JOLLY THOUGH... YOU KNOW,
CONSIDERING...

NEXT ISSUE: MORE DANGER AND ADVENTURES!